

"goodnight, Monty ...."

"goodnight...."

I knew which way was back. I  
got off the stool and started  
moving toward there.

# IT'S\* ALL SO CLEARLY SIMPLE

the night the dogs came by to say  
hello  
was near the time  
to end it  
as the ladies on the telephone  
screamed their furies  
at me.  
the night the dogs came by to say  
hello  
I gave them cigarettes and beer  
and they told me about the  
poet  
who had to go to Paris  
to select his poems for his book of  
selects  
and we smiled at that  
the dogs and I  
and we thought about starvation  
mornings  
deadly noons  
evenings of elephantine  
miseries.  
the dogs said that all that mattered was  
enduring the obvious  
it was all we were worthy of:  
a minor bravery  
beats  
chucking it  
although we weren't sure  
why.  
the dogs said that was the best  
part: not being  
sure.

the night the dogs came by to say  
hello  
we all mused about whatever happened to  
Barney Google with the googly  
eyes: probably died for the love of  
a strumpet as many good men



do  
or went to London and walked in the  
fog  
waiting for  
sinecure.

the night the dogs came by to say  
hello  
the walls were stained with mellow  
agony  
and beakers of curdled wine  
dusty with almost dead spiders  
sat around like memories best  
forgotten.

the dogs said it was best to  
chose what to  
remember  
and if anything were  
best  
maybe it was smoking cigarettes and  
drinking  
beer  
and talking slightly about things  
but  
not too  
much.

also said that most things were  
a copy of the original  
and that the original was not  
much good.

left soon after that  
and the phone kept ringing  
as the ladies screamed their furies  
at me.

what they wanted I didn't have  
and what I had  
they didn't want.

for them  
I wish the dogs would say  
hello.

hello hello hello and  
hello.